

A
T E A R D R O P T
F R O M T H E
H E A R S E

Of the Reverend
Dr. Benjamin Calamy;

L A T E

Minister of St. Lawrence Jury London, Who departed this Life on Sunday the 3d of January, 1685

Quis matrem in funere Nati Here vetat? Flere

AS when some Tempest rages in the Air,
And against all the Wood proclaims a War,
The Humble Shrubs are scarce concern'd at all,
Only the Oaks and mighty Cedars Fall;
Those are a Prize to Beggerly and Low,
But these become the Greatness of the Foe.
Those remain Safe, because Defenceless quite,
But against these doth their own Greatness Fight.

Just Dust, thus it is in the Assaults of Fate,
The Common Herd is seldom Brave or Great;
They by the Foe do Unregarded ly,
And Live so long till they wou'd chose to Die.
But where you see a large and spacious Mind,
Where Worth and Virtue are with Learning join'd;
Where Noble Thoughts do with like Deeds conspire,
And the whole Man is Perfect and Intire;
There you may see the Malice of our Fate,
And what Misfortunes doth on Virtue wait,
Whil'st those that never could deserve to Die,
But might have Challeng'd Immortality,
Meet still the soonest with their Destiny.
These are the Noblest, and the greatest Prey,
And Fate by this, goes a compendious way;
For she Wounds us, whil'st she doth these Men Slay.
Thus he Great BEN with all his Learning Dies;
Too Early, and too Dear a SACRIFICE.
He whose great mind was with all useful Knowledge fraught,
That Nature ever gave, or Art has Taught;
He and his Worth are Wither'd, cold, and Dead,
And the Treasures of his Mind are Fled:
Nothing has escap'd the fierce and angry Flame,
But his great Memory and Immortal Name.
Nought such a Loss can equal or besit
Less than his powerful Eloquence and Wit;
Some small remains of those with us abide,
But all the rest the envious Dark doth hide.
Some single Sheets indeed the Press imparts,
The rest are writ upon the Hearers Hearts:
His Charming Periods are past and gone,
And in his Peoples Lives must now be shown.
Pity such Words in transient sounds should Die,
Or in a Study unregarded ly;
Pity each falling Line had not been Writ
In Characters as lasting as his Wit;
That the next Age by him might learn to make
Those Rules, by which they from that Place should speak.
The Gospel in such streaming Sense did flow,
When the Apostles Preach'd to Men Below:

The Current sometimes troubled was, I own,
Which by his seeming Lipping oft was shown;
But 'twas the Torrent of his Eloquence,
The strife betwixt his crowding Words and Sense;
Still with such hidden Influence he could dive,
And to his Hearers Brest himself derive;
So gently touch each Fault and Fester'd Part,
Yet the charm'd Patient not betray the Smart.
Could such a pleasing Force Evidence show,
Yet still the Sinner unoffended go:
It prov'd his Sermons could like Lightning Pierce
Quite to the Blade, the Scabbard ne'er the worse:
Which shows thou only, and some happy few,
The true and genuine Art of Preaching knew.
Our Church will own, tho she receives a Blow,
Yet still a Numerous Race of Youths can show,
Who by thy Doctrine and Example fed,
May come in time our Churches Cause to Head.
And, Oh! If thy Example this can do,
Why did'st thou not let fall thy Spirit too?
But say Bless'd Shade, so soon why would'st thou go,
And take thy self from mournful Us below:
Tell me did'st thou by a fore-seeing Eye,
See some Black Tempest gathering in our Skie;
Was that the cause?

I rather think the partial Hand of Fate
Did but too ill thy Soul and Body Mate.
If the Soul's Gaol the Body Stile we must,
Into the worst of Prisons thine was thrust:
Thou tir'd and a weary to the Grave did'st come,
But leave that Life which was grown Burdensome.
Hold, happy Shade, here must my Number cease,
No more I will presume to vex thy Peace;
Besides I see thy Predecessors stand,
To meet and joy thee to the promis'd Land.
Go happy Saint, and there enjoy that Rest,
Which here on Earth is still deni'd the Best.
All we can do, is to Adorn thy HEARSE
And hang it round with this poor Mortal VERSE.

This may be Printed, R. L. S.

L O N D O N,

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